

CHANDAMAMA

JANUARY 1994

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CHANDAMAMA

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and More!

NEXT ISSUE

Vol. 24 FEBRUARY 1994 No. 8

THE FLOWER WITH A CURSE : The tribal girl, Chitra, and her friend bring news that the flowers have been found on the beach. Apparently someone has tried to put out to sea with the flowers. Who? For what purpose? Everybody is baffled. King Mahendra suggests that Thangal should start immediately, escorted by Captain Veerendra Singh and soldiers, to meet the monster in the sea. The Captain reveals what is in his mind. A scuffle ensues in the boat and Thangal is thrown overboard. The Captain is now face to face with the monster. The serial races to an exciting climax.

VEER HANUMAN : When Hanuman is away visiting his mother Anjanadevi, Viswamitra calls on Rama with an appeal—that he should take revenge on Yayati, the King of Kasi, for having insulted the sage. Rama does not know that the king, on the advice of sage Narada, has already approached Anjanadevi for protection, and also elicited a promise from Hanuman to help him. A fight between Hanuman and Rama becomes inevitable. Does the fight take place? Who wins?

PLUS a humour story, besides Panchatantra in colourful comics, and **ALL** your favourites.

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Controlling Editor :
NAGI REDDI

Founder :
CHAKRAPANI

Today, better than yesterday

Once again we get ready to usher in a new year. "How time flies!" people often exclaim with a tinge of surprise, as if they had greeted a new year only the other day.

It is true, time flies, and as it gushes down around us, it mingles the past with the future. One unique feature about time is, it can be measured. By making use of this characteristic, some people generate from this flow a mighty energy to shape a nobler future. It is such people who contribute the maximum for human progress.

Time is never still. It has a constant flow. Unlike a river, this stream called Time has no beginning, nor an end. Time is eternal. It never changes. Still, we call the beginning of a twelve-month period a *new year*. It is we human beings who need a change—a change for the better. When we change, or desire for a change, it becomes a new year.

The question is, should we wait for three-hundred-and-sixty odd days to wish for changes in our lives? Would it not be better if we decide to change, to improve, to progress, as each day dawns? Here's an idea for a New year resolution: "I will make *today* better than yesterday."

*"Chandamama" wishes its readers
a happy New Year*



A President's Promises



One of India's closest friends, Mr. Maumoon Abdul Gayoom, on November 11, assumed office as the President of the Maldives for the fourth successive term. As he was the only candidate nominated by the State Majlis, there was no election as such. The people were merely asked to say 'yes' or 'no' to the question whether he should be given a fourth term. In the referendum held on October 1, an overwhelming 93 per cent of the electorate approved of his nomination by the Parliament. He will hold office for another five years.

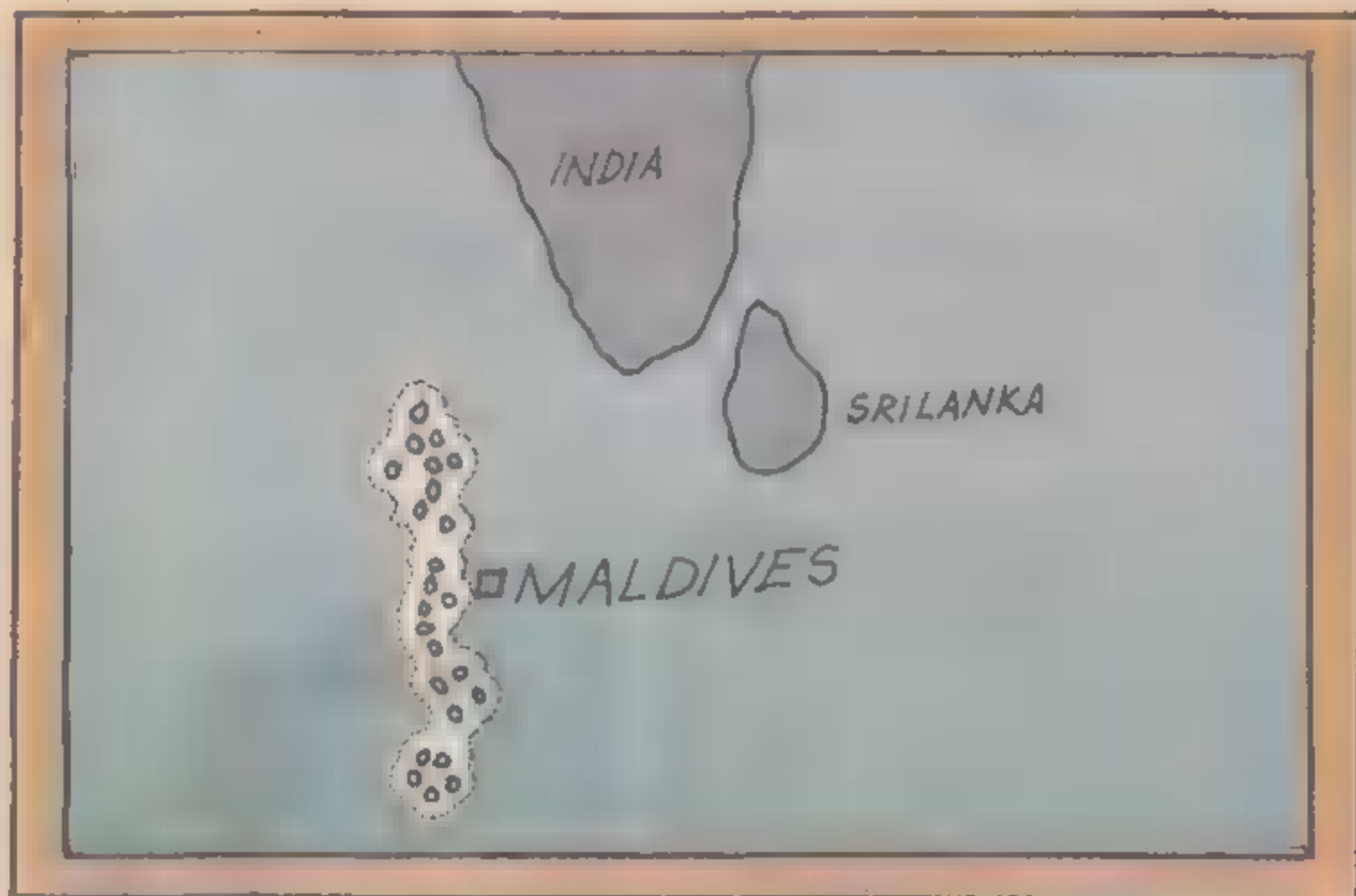
As the time approached for the Presidential election, people thought Mr. Gayoom might not seek a fourth term. His one-time confidant and adviser, Mr. Ilyas Ibrahim, who is also his brother-in-law, tried for a nomination by the

Majlis. However, he was involved in a scandal and following an enquiry, he was banished from the Maldives for 15 years. The Parliament could not think of a better choice than Mr. Gayoom himself.

His pre-election "promises" include a new Constitution for the country, with decentralisation and a larger sharing of power, reform of the election system so as to allow formation of political parties and multi-candidate contests, besides a special focus on youth. He wants to bring them to the centrestage. He did not mince words when he deplored the problem of drug addiction among the youth and recalled that several youngsters between the ages of 15 and 17 had to be punished in the last three years. He called upon them to avoid drugs and liquor. He has made a woman—Rashida Yoosuf—the Minister for Youth, Sports, and Women's Welfare, declaring that efforts to meet the aspirations of the youth would receive top priority.

The Republic of Maldives is one of the smallest independent nations in the world. Its 1,200 odd atolls (islands) cover an area of less than 300 sq.km. Only some 200 islands are inhabited, and no island is bigger than 13 sq.km.

The early history of Maldives is not very clear. But it is generally believed that



people of Dravidian origin went from South India and settled there as early as the 4th century B.C. They were followed by Aryans from India, and people from Lanka who took Buddhism with them. In the middle of the 12th century, the ruler converted to Islam and asked his people to take to that religion. The country is dotted with mosques.

The Sultanate came under British protection in 1887 and was granted independence in 1965. The Maldives became a republic in 1968. Mr. Ibrahim Nasir was the first elected President. He held office from 1968 to 1978. Mr. Gayoom succeeded him.

Some Fascinating Facts

- *The population of Maldives will easily fit into a large sports stadium.*
- * *English is widely spoken. The other common language is Divehi, akin to Sinhalese and containing several Arabic words.*
- *There are no political parties, post offices, or direct taxation.*
- * *There is no Ministry of Defence; the country has only a militia-cum-sea patrol for defence.*
- *The country has no prison, and violent crimes are rare.*
- *Economy depends on fisheries and tourism.*

NEWS FLASH

Mouse inside stomach

There are too many mice in China. Hong Houxia, of village Guanxiang, in Jiangsu province, will vouchsafe for this simple statement, though she may add: they are vicious, too. She knows that best, for, the other day a mouse slipped into her mouth while she was fast asleep. Her screams woke up her husband, who lit a lamp to see what was happening. He saw the tail and feet of the rodent stuck in her throat. He tried to pull it out, but to no avail. She ~~was~~ taken to the village doctor, who gave her an injection and some medicines. For three days, Hong could feel the mouse *alive* in her stomach. Then it just disappeared!

Mouth-ful of smoke

For Jim Mouth, it ~~was~~ no mouse but a record-breaking 155 cigarettes he tried to smoke, not one by one, but all at one time. He did this feat—an annual event—on the Great American Smoke Out, a day when people are urged to give up smoking! This year, he created a new world record.

Youngest pilot

Here's another world record—made by 9-year-old Augustin Ortiz of Santiago. He has been recognised as world's youngest pilot—after flying a single-engine aircraft solo last October.



Autobiography by centurion sisters

Two black sisters, Elizabeth Delany and Sarah Delany, of New York State, are the authors of an autobiography, which became a best-seller overnight. The title of the book is "*Having our say: The Delany sisters' first 100 years*". Yes,

Sarah, who is an educationist, is 104 and dentist Elizabeth is 102. The sisters, who keep perfect health, hope to live for another twenty years.



MAN'S EARLY TEACHERS

We have already told you about the value of birds and beasts in relation to the life of man. We may not be conscious of it, but the fact is, the beasts and birds were also the early teachers of man.

The primitive man learnt how to run, looking at the beasts, the expert runners. His dream of flying, which became a reality thousands of years later, were inspired by the birds. Observing how the bees collected and stored honey, he must have learnt the value of preservation. Looking at the procession of ants and the covey of flying birds, man must have learnt about the worth of being together, acting in a collective way.

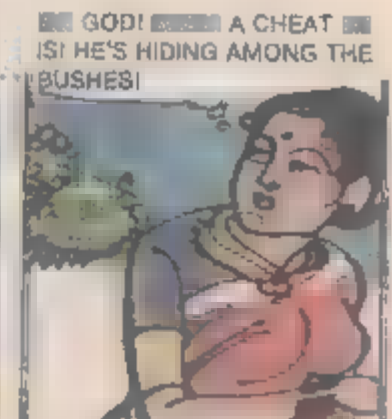
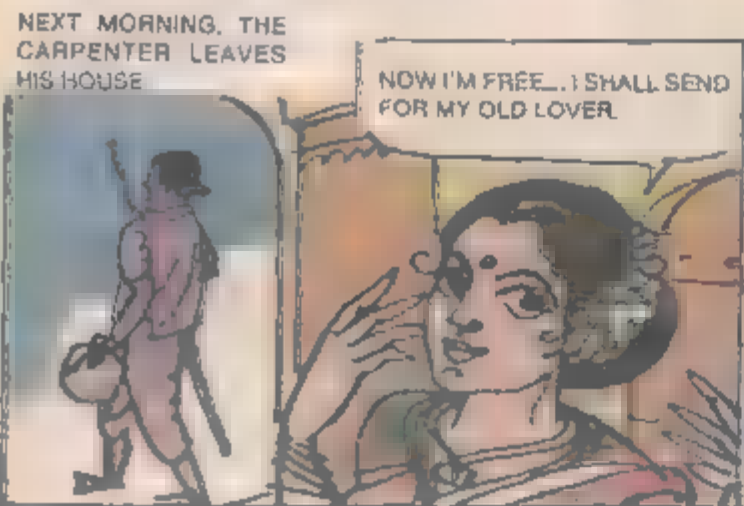
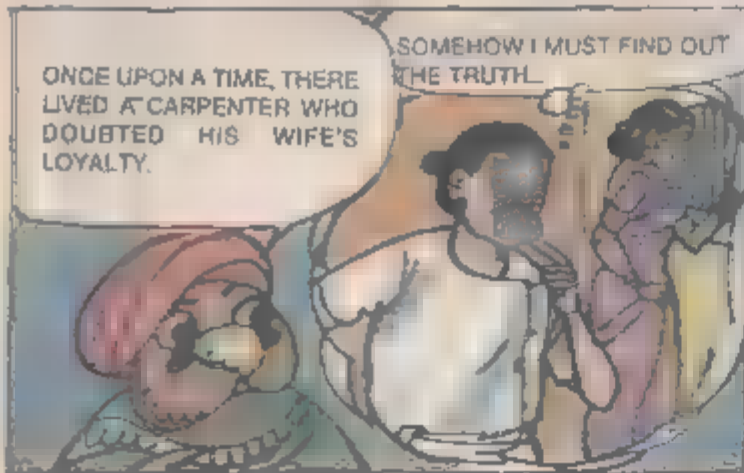
The early man did not know which fruit can be eaten and which cannot. In this, too, birds and beasts gave him the clue.

Creatures like jackals and rabbits on the land and the numerous birds resting in the trees taught man what to ■■■ and what to avoid.

They did much more. They informed the primitive man, through their movements and their sounds, when rains and other natural events could be expected.

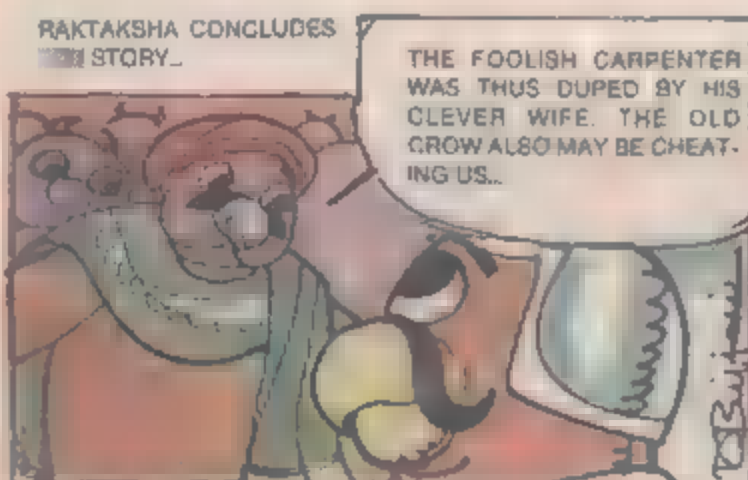
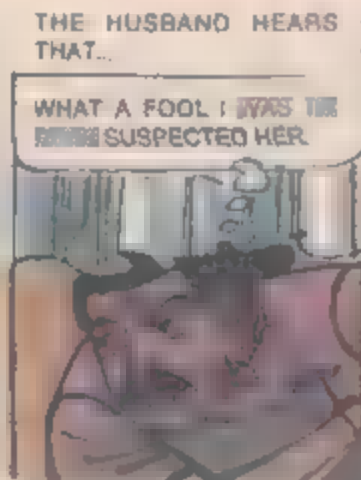
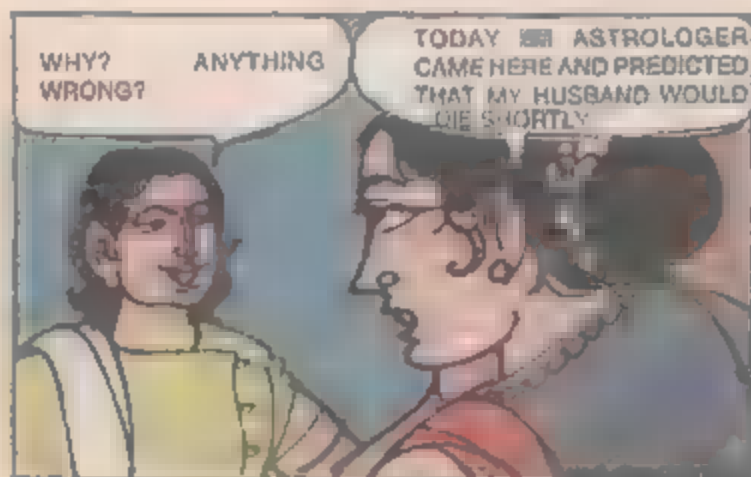
Thus, in innumerable ways man earned his adulthood through the help of birds and beasts.





The king who is spoken of as cruel will quickly perish, his life becoming shortened.

— Thirukkural



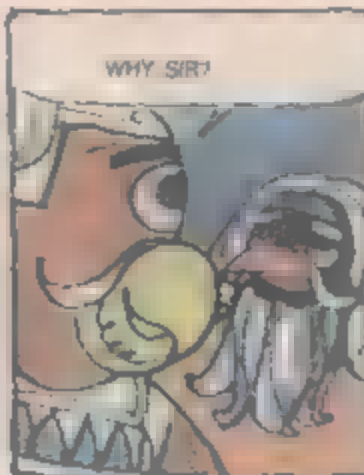
There is no need to shave one's head, to allow hair to grow tangled, as a penance, if he abstains from those deeds which have been condemned by the wise.

RAKTAKSHA'S ADVICE ■
NOT HEEDED BY HIS
KING.



YOUR KINDNESS OVER-
WHELMS ME, SIR! PRAY,
PROVIDE ME WITH FAG-
GOTS AND FIRE

WHY, SIR?



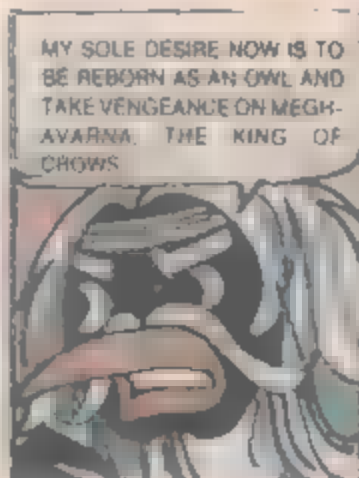
I WANT TO BURN MYSELF TO
DEATH!



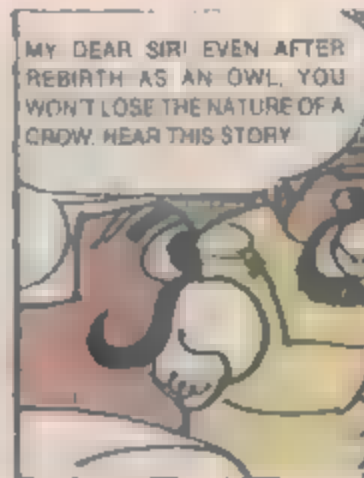
WHY, SIR? YOU'RE FREE
YOU'RE A ROYAL GUEST, TOO!



MY SOLE DESIRE NOW IS TO
BE REBORN AS AN OWL AND
TAKE VENGEANCE ON MEGH-
AVARNA, THE KING OF
CROWS



MY DEAR SIR! EVEN AFTER
REBIRTH AS AN OWL, YOU
WON'T LOSE THE NATURE OF A
CROW. HEAR THIS STORY



YES, LET'S HEAR THE STORY.



THERE ONCE LIVED A GREAT
SAGE IN A HERMITAGE ON THE
BANKS OF THE HOLY GANGES.



YAGNAVALKYA WAS ONE DAY
PERFORMING HIS DAILY RITES.
WHEN SOMETHING FELL FROM
THE SKY INTO HIS OUT-
STRETCHED HANDS.



OH! WHAT'S THIS! A MOUSE
MAID!



A MOUSE MAID! POOR CREA-
TURE. NO.. I WON'T HARM
YOU! YOU WAIT HERE, I SHALL
COME BACK SOON.



Sweet speech, flowing from the heart, and uttered with
■ cheerful countenance and ■ sweet look, is true virtue.

HE FINISHES HIS SACRED RITES AND RETURNS



WHERE'S MY ~~MISS~~ LITTLE MOUSE?.. AH! THERE SHE IS!



THEN..

OM! OAM! HROOM!



THE MOUSE IS TRANSFORMED INTO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL



'MY CHILD! COME ~~WITH~~ ME TO MY ANNUCE



AT THE HERMITAGE..

MY DEAR! A GIFT FOR YOU!



I'VE BROUGHT YOU SOMETHING IT'LL BE THE LIGHT OF YOUR EYES, AND FULFIL YOUR LIFE'S DESIRES.



GOD HAS AT LAST GRANTED MY WISHES AND GIVEN ME A DAUGHTER.



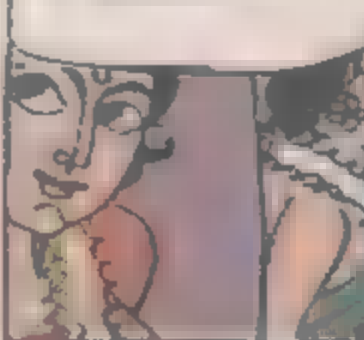
THE GIRL IS BROUGHT UP WITH GREAT LOVE AND TENDERNESS. ONE DAY



IT'S TIME OUR DAUGHTER GETS MARRIED



LET'S CHOOSE FOR OUR DAUGHTER A YOUNG MAN WHO'S WORTHY OF HER IN ALL RESPECTS



Amongst ~~the~~ attainable excellences, there is ~~no~~ equal to that of being free from envy towards others.

Towards Better English

Of Lies and Skies

"You're telling a white lie," said Suryanarayana to his friend, S.J. Ravi Prakash, of Nandikottur, before he rushed to their friend, Subbudu, who was throwing a birthday party and had requested him to bring along Ravi with him. What Suryanarayana did not know was, there had been an exchange of hot words between one-time fast friends, Ravi and Subbudu. After that they were not on talking terms. Subbudu wanted to make up with Ravi but was shy to meet him and offer apologies. Ravi was surprised when he received the cute invitation card from Subbudu. He was not sure about his friend's attitude to him and had decided that he would not go for the party. Subbudu, on his part, was also not certain how Ravi would respond to his invitation sent by post; hence his request to Suryanarayana to bring Ravi with him. But Ravi was adamant and excused himself. Suryanarayana was surprised. He listened to the excuses rolled out by Ravi one after the other. Somehow, Suryanarayana could not believe them. "All white lies!" he exclaimed—though smilingly—before he turned around and went away. After he had gone, Ravi Prakash wondered what his friend meant by 'white lies'. Can a lie be black, or white? Could a lie have some other colour, too? When someone tells a white lie, he says something untruthful in order to avoid hurting someone else's feelings, and not for any evil purpose, like normal lies. They can be called *dark* lies, because they hide the truth!

N. Rajesh, of Bangalore, was struck by the colourful advertisement of a well-known airlines, who claim that their plane is nothing less than the 'Queen of the Skies'. He had

only known and heard of *the* sky. His doubt is, are there more than *one* sky? No, there is only one sky—the blue sky. However, the word has a plural form, 'skies'. If you wish to praise someone, you may praise him to the *skies* (not *sky*). Haven't you seen the Diwali fireworks lit up the *skies*? For such usages, the plural form is more meaningful. The sky will be the *one* right above you, whereas the *skies* denote the entire area along which a plane flies.





THE FLOWER WITH A CURSE

(Princess Mallika, of Nagapura, sends for Thangal, the tribal youth from Maninagar, whose boat is tossed ashore along with the flowers it is carrying. The princess has overheard his conversation with her father, King Mahendra Singh, and makes bold to disclose to him of a possible threat from her uncle. They all are aware of Veerendra Kumar's ambition to usurp power from his brother-in-law, the king. She surmises that if Thangal is courageous enough to go after a monster, alone, he can also be depended on to help save the king. Veerendra Kumar arrives in the capital to escort Thangal on his mission to meet the monster. Strange things happen. Will the hazardous journey now take place?)

When Commander Arjun Singh reached the *darbar* hall King Mahendra Singh was already there; Princess Mallika was with him. He found her in tears. "What has happened, your majesty?"

"The flowers have gone!" said the king. "They were in Mallika's chambers—in a vase. The vase is

still there, but the flowers are missing! Who would have taken them? Who would dare enter the palace and get into the princess's apartments? The fragrance of the flowers would certainly have drawn the attention of the palace attendants. Yet no one reported anything. In fact, the disappearance of the flowers was noticed

A CONSPIRACY IN THE OFFING



by Mallika herself. It's all so baffling, Arjun Singh!"

"The way you put it, your majesty, it must have been a clever job, no doubt," commented the Commander. "One thing is certain, your majesty. It would not have been the monster..."

"A monster? In the palace? In my room! Which monster?" said Princess Mallika. "I don't understand a thing, father!"

Mahendra Singh remembered that he had not told her all that he heard about the flower and the monster, from Chieftain Kabui

and Thangal. "Mallika, my dear, don't worry about all that. I shall tell you everything, but later. Right now, let's decide where we shall search for the flowers. Their fragrance won't help anybody to hide them. What do you say, Arjun Singh?"

"That's true, your majesty," said the Commander. "I shall ask my soldiers to spread out and search for the flowers. By the time they come back—possibly *with* the flowers—we shall also find out who had dared to enter the princess's chambers. By the way, your majesty, Captain Veerendra Kumar has arrived, and he has agreed to go with Thangal."

Princess Mallika listened to their conversation, to find out whether she could get any information from them about Thangal.

"So Kumar is here, already?" remarked the king. "What a coincidence! That strange things should happen when *he* is in the capital! Anyway he and Thangal cannot start on their journey immediately; we've to find the flowers first."

On his way home, Commander

Arjun Singh sent a soldier to fetch Thangal from his room. Suddenly, a thought occurred to him. Now that Thangal and Veerendra Kumar would not be going on their journey immediately, should he send the Captain himself to search for the missing bunch of flowers? He was aware of the king's desire and decision to keep his brother-in-law as far away from the capital as possible. If he were to be given an assignment that might keep him in the capital, the king might not approve of it. Arjun Singh debated these points in his mind and decided that for the time being he would not let the captain or Thangal know of the missing flowers. The Captain had wished to meet Thangal and so, let that take place, he further decided.

Thangal was shown in. "When do I start, sir? Are the boats ready? My own boat is somewhere on the beach. On my way there, I shall collect the other bunches from Chieftain Kabui's place." The tribal youth appeared quite excited about the adventure that awaited him.

"The boats are getting ready,



Thangal," said Commander Arjun Singh. "By then we'll also select the men to go with you. Meanwhile, Captain Veerendra Kumar has arrived. As he is to accompany you, he desires to meet you and discuss the strategies. He should be here any time now."

As they waited for the Captain, the Commander engaged Thangal in conversation to find out whether he had heard about the disappearance of the flowers from the princess's chambers. Apparently he had not, and Arjun Singh felt relieved.



"Ah! Captain, he's Thangal I was talking to you about last evening," the Commander went in for a formal introduction, as soon as Veerendra Kumar was shown in. "You'll find him excited about the journey, especially now that you'll be escorting him in his mission. You'll hear all about it from him. You two then plan your strategy. Please remember, our king is very keen about the successful completion of this mission. Captain, you may take him along to your room, and let me know what you decide and when you'll be ready to start."

Arjun Singh once again avoided mentioning about the missing flowers, though he noticed that there was a shadow of a smile on Veerendra Kumar's face all the while.

"As you wish, Commander," said the Captain. "We shall come back in the evening and tell you what we have planned. Thangal, please come with me." He then led the tribal youth to his room in the army camp, which was not far away from where the Commander stayed.

As they walked to the camp, Veerendra Kumar fell silent. As soon as they entered his room, he drew a stool for Thangal to sit down and himself sat on the only chair in the room. "Now, what's this great mission of yours? Everybody seems to be all praise for you, young man!"

Thangal was put out by the sneer in the Captain's voice. But he maintained his cool and told him briefly how he had started from Maninagar and how he happened to be in Nagapura. Before he completed his story, Veerendra Kumar interjected. "If you had started all by yourself, you should have continued your

journey all alone!"

"Your king is very kind; he felt that I should not go alone!" said Thangal. "After all, the purpose of my journey is to entice the monster as far away from human habitation as possible, so that not only Maninagar and Nagapura but other kingdoms also would be saved from the monster."

"You don't have to worry about Nagapura! We're all there to protect our kingdom from all kinds of enemies—including monsters!" Veerendra Kumar continued in his sarcastic tone. "By the way, you claim to have actually seen the monster. Do you really believe that monsters exist in these times? Somehow or other can't accept such tall stories!"

"In Maninagar, Captain, people came to the conclusion that the havoc and destruction were not the result of any natural disaster," explained Thangal. "Later, those who kept a vigil happened to see the monster and realised that men wouldn't be a match against this monster. That's why we decided to entice him as farther away as possible. And we also surmised that what

attracted him to Maninagar was this flower "Shatabdika". That's how I started on this journey, taking the flowers with me. Yes, I, too, saw him at a distance on my way here. Well, if you have any fear, you don't have to go with me, Captain. I can manage on my own, and I can assure your king that I'll go alone." Thangal felt that he was now on an even keel with Captain Veerendra Kumar.

"I'm afraid of a monster? Don't have any such illusions, young man!" protested Veerendra Kumar. "Remember I'm a well-trained warrior and I can face even monsters!"

"Well we, too, have warriors in Maninagar," said Thangal calmly. "But when they saw the monster, they realised the futility of engaging him in any fight. So, we thought of a strategy and decided to make use of his weakness—his attraction for the flower."

"Tell me, where are the flowers? In your room?" Veerendra Kumar appeared impatient. "How many are there? Two? Three?"

"Much more than that, Cap-



tain!" said Thangal. "All the flowers that had blossomed were taken off the trees and brought here. I mean, they were in my boat which was tossed into the beach here. When I woke up, some girls had already caught hold of them. They were Chief Kabui's daughter and her friends. When Chief brought me here to meet the king and tell him about the monster, he gave one bunch to the king. That was taken away by the princess. When we go into the sea to meet the monster, we'll have to carry all the flowers."

"So, one bunch is in the palace and the others with the Chief-tain!" The Captain was pensive for a while. "If I want to see them, I must go and ask my niece, Princess Mallika!"

"But ..." Thangal was almost on the point of reminding the Captain that he was not supposed to visit the palace. In a flash he remembered that he had been made aware of such a ban on Veerendra Kumar by none other than the princess. So, he checked himself while he stared at the face of the Captain.

"But what?" Veerendra Kumar nearly shouted at the tribal youth. "Aren't the flowers with the princess? Who else has got them?"

"I've no idea where they are, in the palace," said Thangal, carefully choosing his words. "We only saw the princess take away the bunch from the king's hands."

"Oh! Don't worry, I can go to the king and ask for them!" said Veerendra Kumar. "Do you know that the queen is my elder sister?"

"I know that now!" responded Thangal. "I'm honoured to know

that, sir!" He also knew that if his information was correct, Captain Veerendra Kumar would not go anywhere near the palace! But he did not reveal the secret he was holding next to his chest.

"I shall send for you when I've thought up some strategy," said Veerendra Kumar. "We shall then discuss it with my Commander. You may remain in your room waiting for a word from me."

As directed by the Captain, Thangal confined himself to his room and did not go out or meet anybody. He, therefore, did not come to know of the disappearance of the flowers from the palace. He was also not called by the Captain. Nor was there a call from the princess, or a word from the Commander the next morning. Thangal became rather impatient.

He was surprised when Chief-tain Kabui rushed in. Thangal found him agitated. "Kabui! Is anything wrong?"

"The flowers are missing, Thangal!" he spoke in whispers. "Chitra had kept all the flowers in her room; she didn't allow her friends to take them away. I

warned them, you might come for them and you should be given them back ■ you would be taking them away. So, Chitra had kept them safe. This morning she woke up and found they had disappeared! Mai and myself were in the next room but we didn't hear anyone coming in or picking the flowers. Chitra ran to one or two of her friends, thinking they might have come in the night to play pranks on her. No, they, too, don't know about the flowers. It's all mysterious! Who would have taken them away? Not the monster, anyway!"

"It wouldn't have been the monster, Kabui, I'm certain about that," remarked Thangal. "For one thing, he's so huge, he can't come in through the opening in the cliffs. For another, he would have left traces of his presence; trees and houses would have been crushed under his feet."

"Who else, then?" Kabui was really perplexed. "Not many people know about the flowers kept in my house ... the king, of course, the Commander... who else?"

It was then that Thangal

remembered his meeting with Veerendra Kumar. He told the Chieftain of all that had happened in the captail after Kabui's departure following their meeting with King Mahendra Singh. He also disclosed his subsequent meetings with the princess and all that she had told him about her uncle and a possible threat to the king and the kingdom.

"Yes, I'm aware of Veerendra Kumar's jealousy towards the king and his ambition to succeed him. But I was under the impression that all threat had been removed once for all. It's unfortunate that the king and the Commander decided to send Veerendra Kumar along with you. You must be careful with him and alert always. I think I must go and tell the king about the flowers. As you're waiting for

a call, you may remain here. I shall meet you later."

King Mahendra Singh could not believe his ears. "The flowers have been taken from your house, too? Who else would want the flowers than the monster?"

He sent for Commander Arjun Singh. "Is it the beginning of a conspiracy, Arjun Singh?"

"Your majesty, it's simply baffling. But a conspiracy? If there is one, I shall find it out soon, your majesty."

Chieftain Kabui went along with the Commander, when he gave him an idea of what transpired between Thangal and Captain Veerendra Kumar.

"That means, he knew about the flowers kept in your house, Chieftain?"

— To continue



WORLD OF NATURE



TIGERS ■ MUNDANTHURAI

The forest reserve in Mundanthurai, Tamil Nadu, has of late been attracting a lot of attention. One reason: there is an increase in its tiger population. (Did you know that it is the only tiger reserve in Tamil Nadu?) Another reason: it is six years since the pretty Crowned Lead Warbler has been sighted in the forest. Several species of warblers do come to Mundanthurai even now, but the Crowned Lead Warbler seems to have been keeping itself away. A young

Indian researcher from the University of California, Madhusudan Katti, has been studying this phenomenon for the past few years and feels it is a cause for concern. However, news from Vedanthangal, 85 km. from Madras city, is that wet-land birds, like cormorants, herons, egrets, open-billed stork and painted stork, besides ducks from Siberia, have already arrived, much to the delight of bird-lovers. Vedanthangal is one of the oldest bird sanctuaries in India. Meanwhile, in Mundanthurai, cubs have been sighted, taking the tiger population to nearly 25—after ■ count of pug marks.

WHALE SUICIDE

Scientists are baffled: why should whales beach themselves, when they can happily stay alive in the waters of oceans and seas? On November 9, as many as 99 whales were seen "stranded" on the beach



at Farewell Spit (what a name!) in Nelson, New Zealand. On the beach, they made such a packed crowd that they could not help crushing each other and dying of exhaustion. Rescuers rushed to help them get back into water, but they could not save 43 of them. One reason, according to a rescuer, was there were not enough volunteers to push them into water!

BIRD COUNT

Can you count the birds in your garden on a day when you don't have to go to school? Impossible! you may say after an hour or two of trial. But, on November 14 this year, 5,000 persons all over India "enrolled" themselves as volunteers to do exactly that—count the birds. They were given ■ form which listed 170 of the most common birds. The results of the count were entered in the form. This countrywide exercise was in memory of Dr. Salim Ali, the Grand Old Man of Indian ornithology. November 12 was his birth anniversary; ■ holiday nearest to that date was chosen for the count which, in future, will be an annual feature.





Tales from Many Lands (Turkey)

The Girl and the Ghost

Once upon a time, there was a poor man in a village in Turkey. He was called Amir. His wife died after giving birth to a baby girl. He named her Salma. Soon, she grew up to be of marriageable age. Amir was in a dilemma, as he had not saved much to conduct her wedding.

Salma was a clever girl. She was not afraid of anybody. She was very daring. She did not believe in ghosts and evil spirits.

One day Amir threw a party for one of his close friends, Ahmed. The party went on till midnight, and soon Amir ran short of food. He wished there were at least two or three more loaves of bread to meet the emergency. He called Salma and said, "There's no bread left. Would you run up to Dada's shop and get some loaves?"

Ahmed was horrified. "You want her to go to Dada's?" he asked Amir. "Don't you know that his shop is on the other side of the burial ground? Would your daughter go there, all alone, in this dead of night?"

Amir brushed aside his friend's anxiety. "I've brought her up like a boy. She'll come back safe, in no time!" In fact, just as he had assured his friend, Salma returned soon with the loaves.

"That's great, Amir!" Ahmed complimented him. "Would you mind if I test her cleverness? You know it's new moon tomorrow. Do you think she can go up to the burial ground and bring me a skull? At midnight?"

"That won't be difficult for her at all, my dear friend," said Amir. "Why one? She'll bring more skulls if you'll have them! But

what's the wager? A hundred gold coins?" Ahmed agreed.

Next day, Ahmed called his ageing assistant, Khan, and gave him instructions what he should do at the burial ground. Just before midnight, Ahmed reached his friend's house. Salma was about to start for the burial ground. She took her father's permission and left.

Salma was not afraid at all. She straight away went to the burial ground and picked up a skull. "Don't touch it!" A voice warned her. "That's my father's skull!"

The girl dropped the skull to the ground and picked up another. "Don't take it!" The same voice. Another warning. "That's my mother's skull!"

Salma was puzzled. Why should anybody prevent her from picking up a skull? She began to have some doubts. She went close to where she had heard the voice, and saw there the bald head of Khan, glittering in the twilight. "You, bald-headed spirit!" she shouted. "Shut up! Be quiet!" She hit the head with a stone that she had picked up. "If you open your mouth again, beware, I shall put an end to your



life with this stone!" she warned him in her turn.

Khan was stunned to silence. Salma quietly picked up a skull and made for her house. When Ahmed saw her with the skull, he complimented her for her courage. He gave her a hundred gold coins that he had kept with him.

In a neighbouring village lived a young man, Sultan, who was rich. He was handsome, too. He was looking for a bride for himself, but had failed to find one suitable. Somehow or other, no one was willing to give away his daughter in marriage to Sultan,



though he was both rich and handsome. The reason was that his house was being frequented by the ghost of his mother. No girl or woman wanted to work for him lest she was harassed by the ghost.

Sultan came to hear about Salma and how clever she was. He called on Salma and her father, and told them about himself. He said if Salma worked in his house and made food for him, he would pay her well. Amir took pity on him and sent Salma along with him. Whenever she served food for Sultan, Salma

would keep a separate plate for the ghost and call out, "Mother! Food has been served. Please come and eat!" The ghost would then appear and look pleased.

One day, Sultan had to go far away on business. Salma was busy attending to her chores when the ghost appeared before her. "Aren't you afraid of me, girl?" asked the ghost.

"Afraid of you? Not at all!" said Salma. "I'm not afraid of anybody. You're like my own mother. You're good to me."

"I like you very much," said the ghost. "I want to give you a test. If you win, you may marry my son."

Salma wondered what kind of test that would be. "Would you go with me to the basement here at the dead of night?" asked the ghost. The girl replied that she would go wherever the ghost took her.

That night, she went with the ghost. The way to the basement was littered with stones. The ghost asked Salma to clear the way. As she was tidying the path, she came upon two brass vessels. One was small, the other slightly bigger. "You keep the smaller



one," said the ghost. "You may hand over the bigger vessel to my son. Henceforth, I won't come to this house. you're there to look after my son. I don't have any more anxiety." The ghost then disappeared.

Salma went back home carrying the two vessels. The next day, when Sultan returned from his business trip, she told him all that had happened in his absence. "Your mother asked me to give you this bigger vessel."

"I shall now be marrying you," said Sultan. "Why should I have the vessel? It won't make any difference whether I have the bigger vessel or the smaller one. Both of them will belong to us," he added, smilingly.

Salma took the permission of Sultan and went home to meet her father. Amir was very happy to be told that Sultan would marry Salma. He was very eager to celebrate their wedding.



Boy : Oh! I always do a good deed every day.

friend : That's fine. What good deed did you do today?

Boy : There was castor oil enough for only one of us in the morning. I let my younger brother have it.

A clever ruse

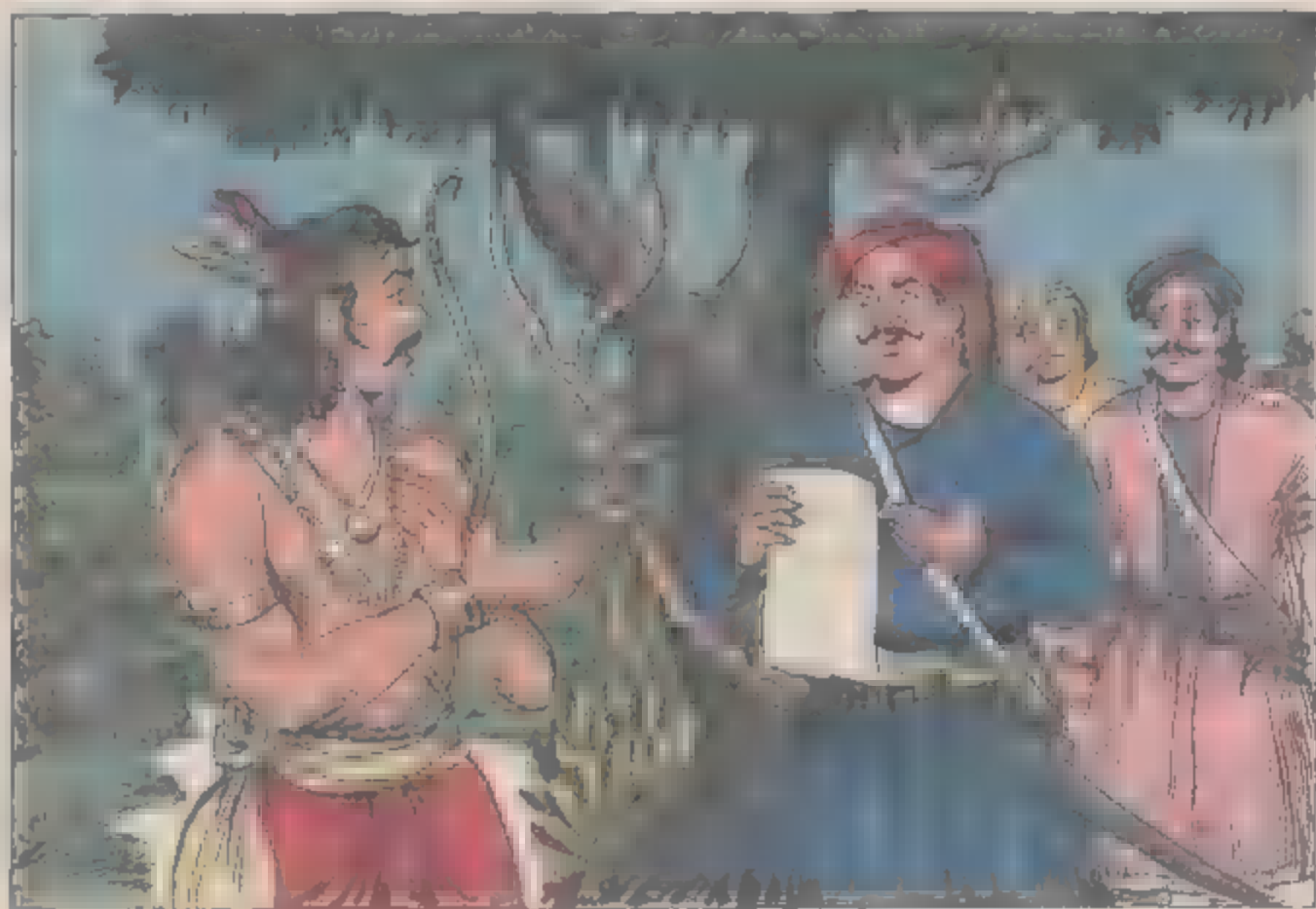
Long, long ago, the Mudumalai forest was a favourite resort of hunters. Some days there would be so many of them, resulting in the killing of several animals, and accidental deaths even among the hunters. So, the government imposed restrictions and announced that anybody wishing to go a-hunting there should hold a license. Trespassers were threatened with exemplary punishment.

One day, two friends—Velan and Murugan—were hunting in the forest, when the officers in charge suddenly appeared and demanded to see the license papers. The friends fumbled for some time and then Velan began to run. The forest officials gave him a hot pursuit and with great difficulty caught hold of him. Velan coolly produced the license and showed it to the officers.

Naturally, they were surprised. "If you had the license with you, why did you run away?"

Velan replied with a smile, "My friend doesn't have a license."

The officers felt ashamed of themselves when they realised how they had become a victim of a clever ruse.



Chandamama Supplement-63

BIRDS AND ANIMALS OF INDIA

Persian Bulbul in India

When India's lone space traveller, Rakesh Sharma, spoke of India as the best of all countries as he saw them from up above, he must have been echoing the words of that great poet, Mohammed Iqbal: "*Sare jahan se achcha Hindustan hamara*". In the next line he said: "*Hum bulbulayen iski yeh gulistan hamara*" (we are the Bulbuls of this garden). Why did he describe the people of India as Bulbuls? No garden in India is devoid of Bulbuls. They give life to our gardens, by flitting from one branch to another, while their sweet notes fill the air.

It is said, the native Indian Bulbul does not sing; but the Persian variety does. Hence the name "Hazarqastan" (of thousand tunes). Thanks to Noorjehan, wife of the Mughal emperor Jehangir, who brought Bulbuls from Persia, we see them these days in Kashmir and nearby mountain ranges. They are the White-cheeked Bulbul. The body is the colour of earth (brown) and the head is black.

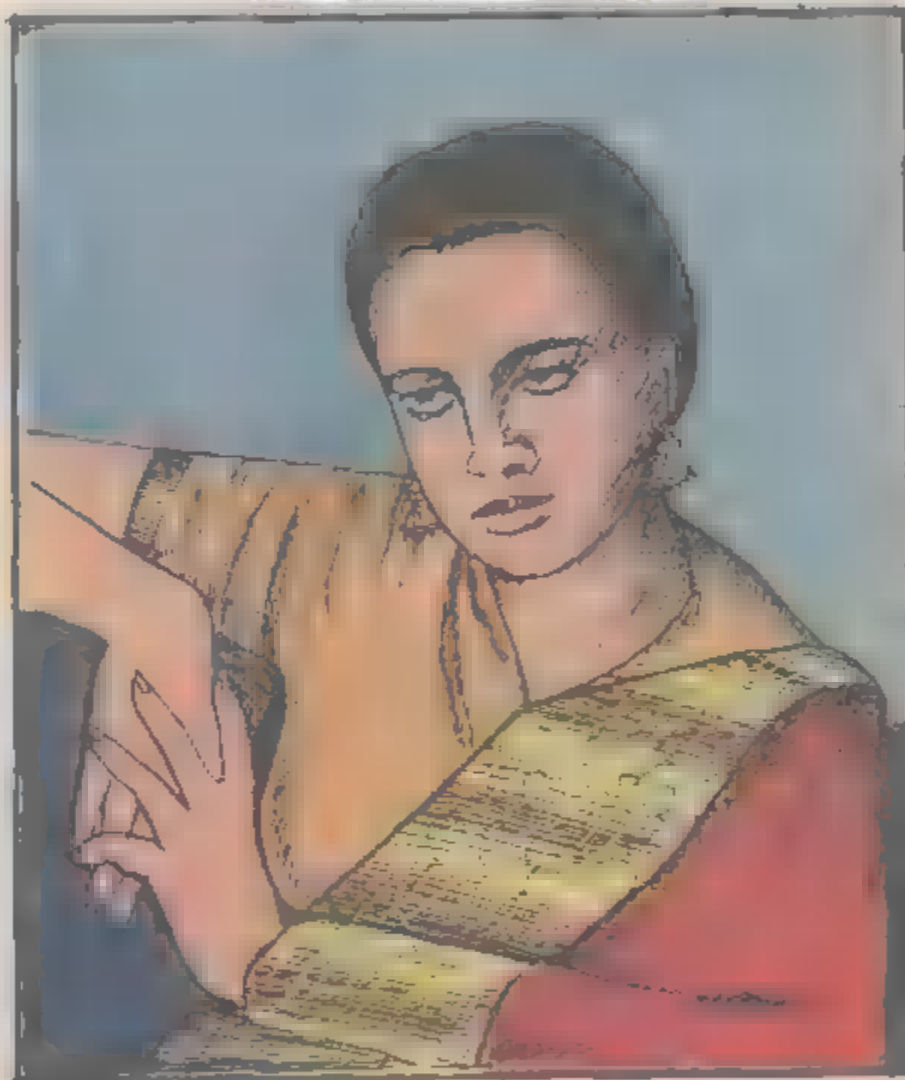
The most common is the Guldum Red-vented Bulbul. Its crest, neck and tail are black; the rest of the body is smoke-brown. The root of the tail has a prominent crimson patch, while the rump is white. The Red-whiskered Bulbul has a black crest. Its body is brown above and white below. Its breast has a necklace-like black stripe. The red whiskers have given it the nickname—Sipahi (soldier) Bulbul.

Bulbuls live in pairs and are quarrelsome, but keep their nests very clean. How many of us Indians keep our houses clean?





AMRITA SHER-GIL



A remarkable talent who did not live to complete even 29 years of her age, but left a permanent mark on the art scene of India, was Amrita Sher-Gil.

She was the daughter of Umarao Singh Sher-Gil, ■ landlord who was a titled Raja, and his Hungarian wife, Marie. Umrao Singh was a scholar and he had mastered several languages, including Sanskrit and Persian. Amrita was born in Budapest in the year 1913.

It ■ in Hungary, while she was a toddler, that

Amrita showed her interest in drawing. In 1921 her parents brought her to India. They settled down in Simla, in the north, surrounded by lovely peaks and woods. The view must have been a feast for Amrita's artistic eyes. But her mother thought that she should have her education in Europe. So, the child was taken to Florence, in Italy. Amrita, however, missed her lovely Simla and was back there-before long.

As Amrita's talent flourished, her parents decided that she should be trained in art in ■ well-known Western school. Accordingly, she was admitted to an art school in Paris.



with her husband, she devoted herself to Indian themes once again.

Unfortunately she took ill and her artistic output became less and less. She died in 1941.

Lovers of art find in her paintings a lovely combination of realism and dream. Her human figures come alive, but they are not photographic. She continues to inspire artists looking for new forms.

But while staying in Europe, Amrita began to appreciate Indian art more and more. She found in the frescoes of Ajanta a greater proof of genius than she had found in the famous museums of Europe.

She returned to India and chose her subjects for painting from the native life of Amritsar and Simla. But she was not happy with the Indian art critics. She went over to Europe again in 1938 and was married to a Hungarian relative. Thereafter, her art took a turn for European style. But back in India again in 1939 along




DO YOU KNOW?

1. Which day is observed as World Environment Day?
2. On which river has the Nagarjunasagar dam been built?
3. Who discovered Tasmania and New Zealand three hundred and fifty years ago?
4. Who was the first Indian to swim the English Channel?
5. What is the importance of these two dates: April 12, 1961 and July 21, 1969?
6. What is the name of the fabulously beautiful mythical city of Kubera, the Hindu god of Wealth?
7. Just as India is also known as Bharat, Formosa has an alternative name. What is it?
8. An Indian cook is said to have been in the employ of a Roman emperor. Name the emperor and the cook.
9. Where will you go to watch Sumo wrestling?
10. 'Tamasha' is the name of folk plays that originated in an Indian State. Which?
11. Which country in the world produces the largest number of motor cars?
12. What is the name of the first textbook on Indian medicine?
13. Who founded the system of medicine called Homoeopathy?
14. Where in India is the second longest beach in the world?
15. Where was the first of the modern Olympics held? When?
16. Which South Indian musical instrument is akin to the Shehnai of north India?

Answers:

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. June 5 | 1. Tibet |
| 2. Krishna | 2. Nagarjuna |
| 3. Abel Tasman, after whom it is called Tasmania. | 3. James Cook |
| 4. On the first date, Yuri Gagarin of the former Soviet Union, became the first man to be launched into space. On the second date, Neil Armstrong of the U.S.A. became the first man to step on the moon. | 4. Madras—the Marina. |
| 5. On the first date, Yuri Gagarin of the former Soviet Union, became the first man to be launched into space. On the second date, Neil Armstrong of the U.S.A. became the first man to step on the moon. | 5. Samuel Hahnemann, of Leipzig, Germany |
| 6. Alakapuri | 6. Madras—the Marina. |
| 7. Taiwan | 7. In Athens (Greece)—1896 |
| 8. An Indian cook is said to have been in the employ of a Roman emperor. Name the emperor and the cook. | 8. Madras—the Marina. |
| 9. Where will you go to watch Sumo wrestling? | 9. Madras—the Marina. |
| 10. 'Tamasha' is the name of folk plays that originated in an Indian State. Which? | 10. Madras—the Marina. |
| 11. Which country in the world produces the largest number of motor cars? | 11. Madras—the Marina. |
| 12. What is the name of the first textbook on Indian medicine? | 12. Charka Samhita |
| 13. Who founded the system of medicine called Homoeopathy? | 13. Samuel Hahnemann, of Leipzig, Germany |
| 14. Where in India is the second longest beach in the world? | 14. Madras—the Marina. |
| 15. Where was the first of the modern Olympics held? When? | 15. In Athens (Greece)—1896 |
| 16. Which South Indian musical instrument is akin to the Shehnai of north India? | 16. Nadaswaram |



New Tales of King Vikram and
the Vampire

Unexpected Action

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time; gusts of wind shook the trees. Between thunderclaps and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning revealed fearsome faces.

But King Vikramaditya did not swerve a bit. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought down the corpse. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground, with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse spoke: "O King! You seem to be making untiring efforts and without respite if you wish to achieve something. I pity you. Instead of enjoying comfortable sleep on a cozy bed, you're still coming after me. You seem to have taken



used to visit at least once a year. He would go alone, without his entourage.

One day, Chitravarma started for the temple. As he rode his horse, he heard the cries of a woman in distress. He rode fast to where he thought the cries had come from. What he saw there enraged him. A demon had caught hold of a tribal woman and was about to swallow her. He jumped down from the horse and rushed to the demon drawing out his sword. "You devil!" he shouted at the demon. "Are you wasting your strength on an ordinary woman? Come on! If you're courageous enough, why don't you try to swallow *me*?"

The demon looked at Chitravarma with a sneer. "O! You puny little thing! Do you want to challenge me and get killed? You had better make yourself scarce!"

Chitravarma was furious. He approached the demon with the intention of hitting him with the sword. The demon then let go the woman and turned to Chitravarma. "You happen to be a human being. I'm a demon. A fight can be only between equals.

a vow. I admire you, but remember, other people may not help you ■ you expect them to. Sometimes, they may work contrary to your expectations of them. You have the apt example of King Chitravarma. Listen to his story." The vampire then began his narration.

Chitravarma was the King of Vichitrapuri. He was an able ruler. Within two years of his ascension, he earned a name and fame.

At the outskirts of Vichitrapuri was a forest. There ■ a Kali temple, which Chitravarma

So, I shall better reduce myself to the size of a human being." The demon suddenly took the human form.

Chitravarma was left wondering for a few moments. "Come on! Let's wrestle with each other," said the man.

The king dropped his sword and got ready to wrestle with the demon. He appeared not so much an adept at wrestling, while Chitravarma was proficient. The demon was not able to withstand the blows and hits which Chitravarma rained on him. He was soon tired and fell down. Chitravarma gave him a hefty hit on the chest. "You're not only brave but strong. I admit defeat at your hands," said the demon before running away from the place.

The tribal woman, who was anxiously watching the fight, now came and fell at the feet of Chitravarma. "O! Brave young man! My name is Singari. I'm the only daughter of the tribal chief here. I had come to the forest to pluck flowers. It was then that the demon caught me. You came and saved me at the nick of the moment. I'm yet to see anybody braver than you."



Singari, adorned with flowers and bead ornaments, looked a beauty. Chitravarma was taken aback by her beauty. "I'm on my way to the Kali temple. You may go back home." As he walked up to his horse, Chitravarma saw that she was following him. Later, he stood before the idol and worshipped Kali, Singari too entered the temple and offered prayers.

The king thought that the woman wished to say something to him. "You appear to be eager to tell me something. You may feel free to speak to me. I'm King



Chitravarma.”

Singari was surprised to know that she was in the presence of the king of the land, for she had very much wished to marry the young man who had saved her life. “I’m sorry I didn’t know you’re the king. I took you for a warrior. That’s why I came into the temple and prayed to the goddess that I may get you as my husband.”

It was now the turn of Chitravarma to be surprised. But before he could respond to her, a young man came there. “Singari! You’re here? I’ve been searching

for you everywhere.”

Singari told him all that had happened—how she was rescued from the demon. “He’s the king of this land.”

The young man bowed to the king. “By saving the life of Singari, you’ve helped me, O King! She’s my cousin and I’m expected to marry her. I love her very much. If the demon had swallowed her, I would have ended my life. There’s no life for me without her.”

“That’s strange!” remarked Chitravarma. “So, you do love her, but are you sure that she too loves you? A while ago, she was telling me that she loves me!” he added, smilingly.

The young man went red on his face. “What’s this I hear, Singari?”

The tribal girl merely nodded her head. Both the young man and King Chitravarma fell silent for some time. All the while they looked at each other, wondering who would break the silence. Then the king spoke. “There’s only one way to solve the problem. I overpowered the demon in wrestling. I’m yet to meet the challenge of a young man like

you. If you defeat me, Singari will marry you. On the other hand, if I were to win, then she'll have to marry me. Do you agree?" Chitravarma looked at Singari and the young man. "I agree," said the young man. Singari too nodded her assent.

The bout started. For some-time both Chitravarma and the young man stood even. Later, it looked as though the king was tiring himself, while the young man still had a lot of stamina left. One strong blow from him, and the king fell down, unconscious. When he recovered, he got up and told Singari, "I'm accepting

defeat. You may marry him and lead a happy life." He then mounted his horse and returned to his palace.

After a few days, King Chitravarma celebrated his birthday. There were several contests, including wrestling. The tribal youth who married Singari overcame everybody; there was none to take up his challenge. King Chitravarma then decided to meet him in the ring. When Singari saw the king getting ready for a bout, she became anxious, though she was confident that her husband would be victorious once again. Didn't he





tribal girl in the forest; he must have then contemplated possessing her. Why did he sacrifice himself for the sake of the young man when he came and professed his love for the girl? Isn't it true that he was able to defeat the demon so easily only because he took the form of a human being? Wasn't it his jealousy towards the young man that provoked him to engage him in a fight in front of everybody? If you know the answers to my questions, but prefer to remain silent, be warned that your head will be blown to pieces!"

defeat the king on ■ earlier occasion? He would certainly repeat his performance; she felt sure about the outcome of the fight. Unfortunately she was wrong. Chitravarma had no difficulty in overpowering the tribal youth. The people, who were watching the fight with bated breath, rose as one man to cheer their king.

The vampire concluded the story there and turned to King Vikramaditya. "O King! Was the king right in solving Singari's dilemma? He had really been attracted by the beauty of the

The king had ready answers to all the questions. "We should not analyse each of Chitravarma's actions. Instead, we should look into his aim, his objective. Sometimes, great people may act in a manner that confuses others. Apparently their actions would create doubts in our minds. There might be provocation for their behaviour. We might not know at that time what had prompted them to resort to such actions. There might also be occasions when they would not, be able to reveal the truth. They might fear that the truth might

result in adverse reaction. Sometimes, you might have to hide the truth if you wish to achieve your objective. That only shows practicality and commonsense. When Chitravarma saw the demon trying to swallow the tribal girl, he drew his sword to kill him. This proves that he was a warrior. The demon wished to fight with only his equal. That's why he changed into human form. It was only the tribal girl's beauty that drew the king to her. If he had really coveted her, he could have easily defeated the tribal youth who was courting her. He deliberately allowed him to win, to dispel the idea from the woman's mind that he was a mighty warrior. However, he was later willing to defeat the young man in a fight in front

of everybody. If he had allowed the youth to win, instead, he would have gone about claiming that he could defeat even a king. That would have been an insult to any king. He wanted to prevent such a situation. When earlier he knew that the man really loved her, the king allowed him to defeat him and win her hand. But he wanted to prove that he was a better warrior and, therefore, fought with him when he got a chance and defeated him. All this is proof of Chitravarma's greatness."

The vampire realised that King Vikramaditya had outwitted him again. He flew back to the ancient tree, carrying the corpse with him. The king drew his sword and went after the vampire.



SPORTS SNIPPETS

After Bradman, Border

Now there are two Australians who have scored 25,000 runs and more in first-class cricket. First, it was the legendary Sir Donald Bradman. Currently Australia's Test Captain, Allan Border, became the second batsman in cricket history to reach that record score. On November 4, he crossed that mark when he made 85 for Queensland against New South Wales in a Sheffield Shield match at Gabba, Brisbane.



Cricketer turns journalist

Yet another "cricketing great" has announced his retirement. Often described as England's greatest left-hander, David Gower is to become cricket correspondent of a well-known newspaper. He wore the Test cap 117 times, 32 of which as captain, and scored, 8,231 runs including 18 centuries. He was removed from captaincy when England lost the Ashes 0-4 in 1989. After that, he was sidelined more than once, but got back his place during India's tour of England. He scored a century at the Oval. Last year, he played his last three Tests, against Pakistan. His 31 (not out) at Headingley gave England their victory in the fourth test. However, he was not chosen for India, Australia, or the West Indies. Gower then decided to call it a day.

Athletes of the year

Hurdlers Colin Jackson and Sally Gunnell, both of Britain, have been named international athletes of the year by the International Amateur Athletic Federation (IAAF). Jackson had broken the world record for 110m hurdles at the Stuttgart World Championships in August. At the ~~same~~ meet, Sally created a new mark for 400m hurdles. Nouredine Morcelli, who won his second

consecutive world 1,500m title, was placed second, followed by Britain's world 100m champion, Linford

Christie. Among women, China's Wang Junxia, who holds the world record for 3,000m and 10,000m, was placed second, while Gail Devers (U.S.A.) who won the 100m dash and 100m hurdles at Stuttgart, was placed third.



Women take to boxing

In the first ever "sanctioned" female boxing match in the U.S.A., held on October 30, a 16-year-old school dropout, Dallas Malloy, beat 21-year-old Heather Poyner, in three 2-minute rounds.

The strongest

Ronny Weller, of Germany, was on November 21 declared the "strongest man in the world", after he won the super heavyweight weightlifting title at the World Championships in Melbourne. For the 24-year-old Olympic champion, it ~~was~~ the first major contest. To get into the over-108kg class, Weller resorted to an eating-drinking spree that took his weight to 123.19 kg! He lifted 200 kg in the snatch to set a world record at the new weight and then hoisted 242.5kg in the jerk, to give a combined total of 442.5kg—a world record for that class. The heaviest man at the Championships, Mark Henry (U.S.A.) who weighed 163.34kg, was placed 14th.

For a different reason!

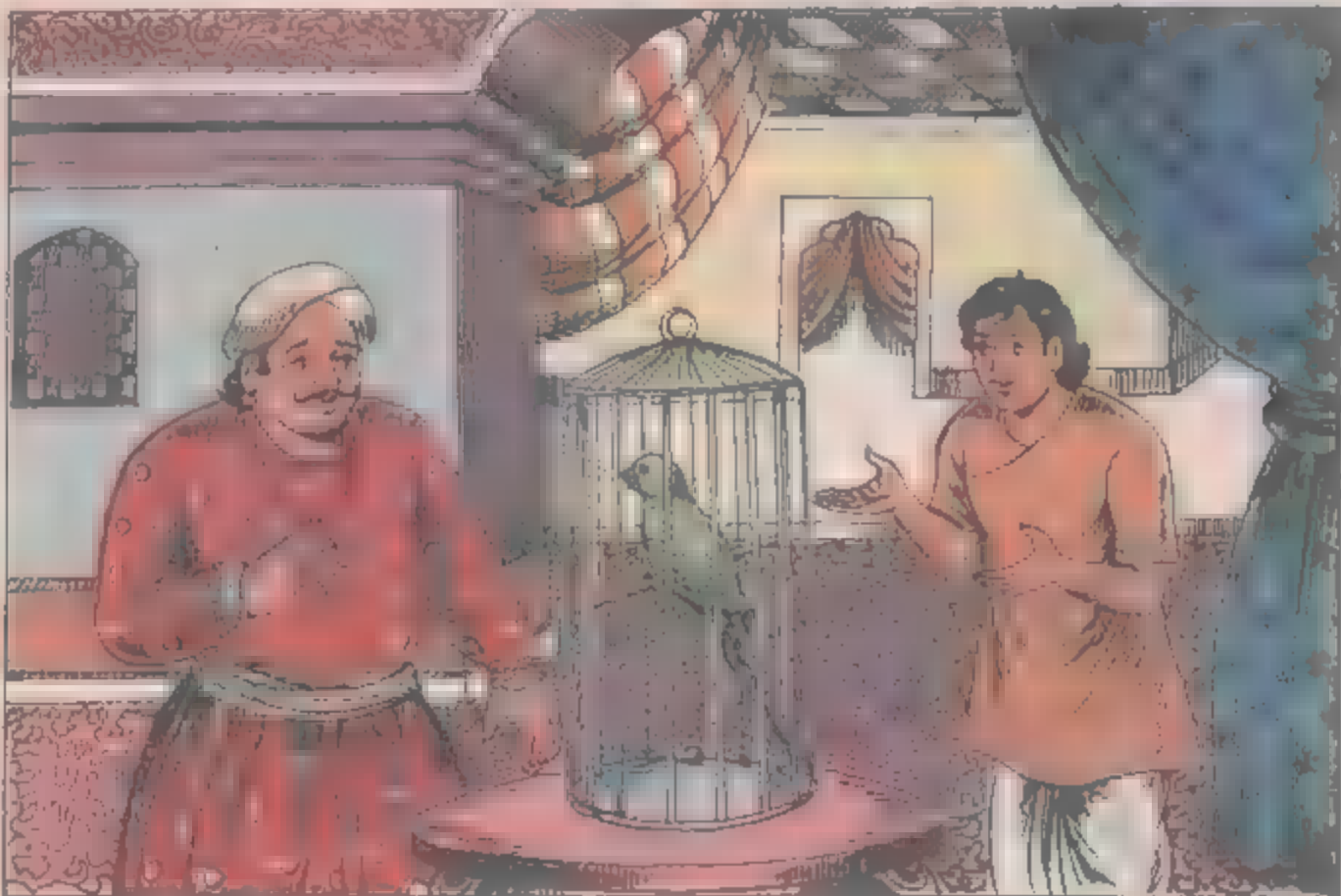
Chandrasekhar started for Chandanpur in search of a job. When he reached the place, on enquiry he ~~was~~ told that the official in charge, called Satyapal, liked birds very much and if he could be pleased, he would help in securing a job.

The young man first searched for a bird. He caught a parrot and taught it to speak. When he was satisfied with the bird's talents, he went to Satyapal. "May you live for a thousand years with health and wealth!" he greeted the official, the moment he was ushered into his presence.

Satyapal felt flattered. "Thank you!" he said. The parrot Chandrasekhar had taken with him, echoed: "Thank you!" Satyapal gave him a job in the city.

A few days later, he was passing by the house of Satyapal. He wanted to thank him for helping him find a job. During their conversation, Chandrasekhar asked him: "Sir, did you like the bird I brought for you?"

"Of course, I liked it very much," said Satyapal. "I like fowl very much. So, that very day I killed ~~it~~ and ate it. It was very tasty!"





VEER HANUMAN (40)

(Sumantra tells Rama that the people of Ayodhya have not paid taxes for several years. It was Bharata's order that no one should be harassed. Lakshmana and Hanuman think of ways and means to collect taxes. They cleverly manage the problem and the people willingly pay whatever is due from them. Dharmadevata appears before Rama and assures him that the two have acted according to her directions. Everything is well with Ayodhya—except for the threat from Lavanasura and the cruelty of Satakandha...)

Ayodhya prospered under Rama's rule. However, people living in the outskirts of the kingdom were constantly being disturbed by *gandharvas*. In the northwestern frontiers, a Rakshasa named Lavanasura was every now and then attacking the people and plundering their homes. Complaints and reports of distress reached Rama and he

was very angry and agitated.

As advised by Hanuman, Rama sent for his youngest brother, Satrughna, and asked him to go and fight Lavanasura. He requested Vibhishana to accompany him. Both of them led an army and attacked Lavanasura, who gave them a tough fight. He knew he was pitted against a mighty force but was

SITA TOO ■ WARRIOR



not prepared to run away. The battle lasted some days. Ultimately Lavanasura was killed, and Satrugna and Vibhishana returned to Ayodhya victorious.

One day, Rama was holding court. On his left sat Sita on the throne. Hanuman was in front, near his feet. Bharata, Lakshmana, and Satrugna stood around them. Also were present Vibhishana, Sugriva, Jambava, Angada, Neela, Nala and several others who had accompanied Rama from Lanka. Soon after they had all assembled came revered Gurus Vasishta, Vama-

deva, and Jabali. Right then sage Agasthya was ushered into the court. Rama got up from the throne, prostrated before him, and led him to a seat near the throne. "O! Revered sage! I hope everything is well with you."

"Rama, when people like you are all there, we won't have worries," replied the sage. "Ravana was a nightmare for the entire universe and you've annihilated him. Under your rule, people are able to lead a happy, peaceful life. However, I wish to tell you about Satakandha. He's the ruler of Mayanagar, across the seas. This thousand-necked man is most cruel. I wish you killed him so that his subjects will be free from his cruelty. I've come here today to make this request."

"Satakandha? I don't remember to have heard his name," said Rama. "Sire, will you please enlighten me about him?"

Sage Agastya then told him more about the wicked ruler of Mayanagar. "Vivasu was the wife of sage Kashyapu. She became pregnant at a very inauspicious moment. And she gave birth to a son who had the markings of an

evil character. He's Satakandha. He did *tapas* and propitiated Brahma. The Lord appeared before him and asked him what boon he would like to have. Satakandha said he wished to have the power to overpower all of the *devas*. Brahma granted him the boon and disappeared. Satakandha then planned to attack all the three worlds and become their overlord; and he has slowly started implementing his plan. That's why I hastened to you, Rama. You must end his greed and ambition, as quick as possible. And I want you to undertake the job yourself."

Rama assured the *muni* that he would do as the sage had wished him to. Agastya then blessed Rama and continued on his journey. Rama turned to his three brothers. "Who amongst you is capable of killing Satakandha? He lives beyond the seven seas. It's not so easy to reach Mayanagar. Let me know, who will come forward to go there and kill him." All three of them—Bharata, Lakshmana, and Satrughna—looked at each other.

Rama looked around and



suddenly his eyes fell on Hanu-
man. He realised that the Vanara hero would be the best person to undertake the mission. "Hanuman! You alone will be capable of killing Satakandha. After all, you're a part of Lord Siva himself."

"My Lord! You had succeeded in killing the mightiest of all demons—Ravana. When that be the case, you won't find it difficult to kill Satakandha. I'm ready to give you whatever help you'll need. Let the thousand-necked devil meet with his end at your hands. You may get on to my



shoulders when I cross the seven seas."

Sita, who was keenly listening to this conversation, turned to her husband. "My lord, a while ago you said Hanuman is a part of Siva. Would you please say how?"

"Once the Lord was being praised through their songs by his devotees. He then visualised the form of Vishnu, who is the protector of the entire universe. Siva decided that whenever Vishnu incarnated, he should have a confidant and a guide. So, a part of Siva has merged with

Hanuman. Therefore, if you see Hanuman, it is as good as seeing Siva."

Rama then got ready to meet Satakandha. Sitadevi expressed a desire to go with him to watch the fight. Rama agreed. By then Lakshmana, Bharata, Satrugna, and Vibhishana, too, got ready with their army. Rama searched for Hanuman. He had by then assumed his real form. He was so huge that nobody could take in his entire figure in one look. They all stood still wondering where the two ends of his figure were.

"I shall lean low," said Hanuman. "You may all climb on to my shoulders and back." Rama and Sita got on to his shoulders; all the others climbed on to his back. He now slowly rose into the skies. He did not find it a strain to carry all of them. And they felt they were travelling in a huge swing.

As he crossed the seven seas, Hanuman gave an account of the areas over which he was flying, to Rama and Sita. At long last, they reached Mayanagar where Satakandha had built his palace. Wherever they turned, they





found everything dazzling. Hanuman could easily cross all the seven seas. But entering the palace in Mayanagar, with all of them on his shoulder and back, was not that easy.

Mayanagar was on an island. All around were thick forests. Hanuman came down and landed on a clearing in the forest. "Let our army make an opening in the fortress so that we can enter the city," directed Rama. Sugriva passed on the orders to the Vanara soldiers, who then began hitting the ramparts with whatever they could grab. When

all of them together attacked the fort at the same time, the ramparts easily gave way.

The Kalakeyas who were keeping a watch from the ramparts were flabbergasted when they saw some enemy soldiers in the form of monkeys attacking the fort. "Do you know to whom this fort belongs?" they shouted to the Vanara soldiers. "How dare you destroy our fortress?" They challenged the Vanaras.

The Kalakeyas fought fiercely to defend the fortress. Some of the Vanara soldiers turned around and fled. The Rakshasa soldiers of Vibhishana met the challenge of the Kalakeyas and the fight went on for a long time. Satakandha was at that time engrossed in worshipping Siva. He heard the shouts and clash of weapons and asked one of his soldiers, "What's the noise I hear?"

The soldier bowed low. "Some enemy king has come with an army of monkeys. They're destroying our fortress. Our Kalakeyas are fighting with them," he said.

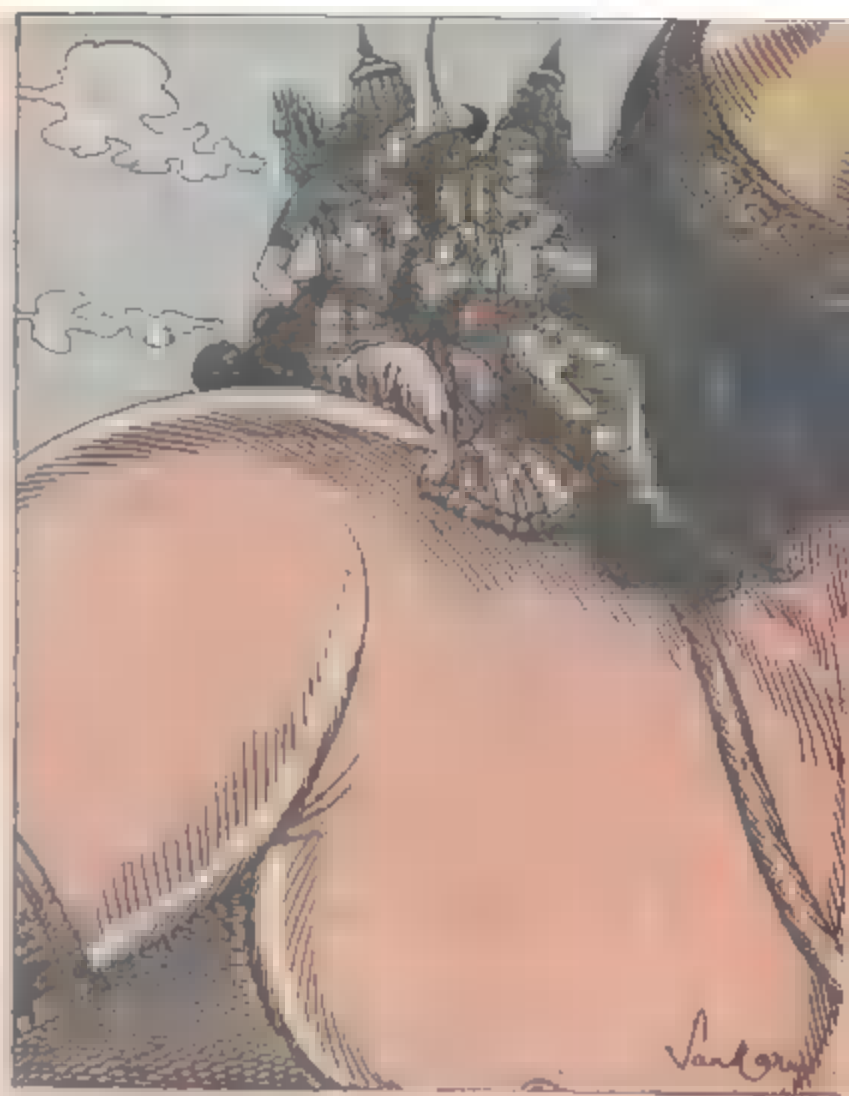
"You mean, an army of monkeys has attacked us?" Sata-

kandha could not believe his ears. "Even the *devas* tremble when they see me. How dare the monkeys challenge me?" He sent the soldier to fetch his ministers, and to alert the army of Maninagar to get ready for a fight. He wore his battle dress, took hold of some weapons, and got ready to give a fight himself.

Rama shuddered when he saw the fearsome figure of Satakandha. "You don't have to be afraid on seeing Satakandha," Hanuman assured Rama. "He doesn't have even half your strength. You shouldn't delay killing him."

Hanuman rushed towards Satakandha. He hit him on the chest and Satakandha fell down. But in a trice he got up. "You seem to have a lot of strength in you!" said Satakandha, sneeringly. "Try if you can meet this spear from me!" He aimed a powerful trident at Hanuman, who caught hold of it like a blade of grass and crushed it.

Satakandha would not easily give up. "Now I know! We both must match our strength!" He sent weapons hurtling at Hanuman, one after another. Hanu-



man had no difficulty in catching every one of them and crushing it or breaking it. Rama thought, the moment had come for him to intervene and end the life of Satakandha. But he sent a shower of arrows at Rama which pushed him back to an island. Hanuman enlarged and elongated his tail and saved Rama, Vibhishana and some Vanara soldiers from falling on the island.

The Vanara soldiers pulled out boulders and stones and threw them on Satakandha, who cleverly deflected them. He fought so

fiercely that warriors like Angada, Nala and Neela were forced to retreat.

Rama and Sita, perched on the shoulders of Hanuman, went forward to attack Satakandha. "Did you take me for another Ravana?" he shouted ■ Rama. "Why did you bring Sita along with you? If you want to fight, then, face ■■ straight and fight!"

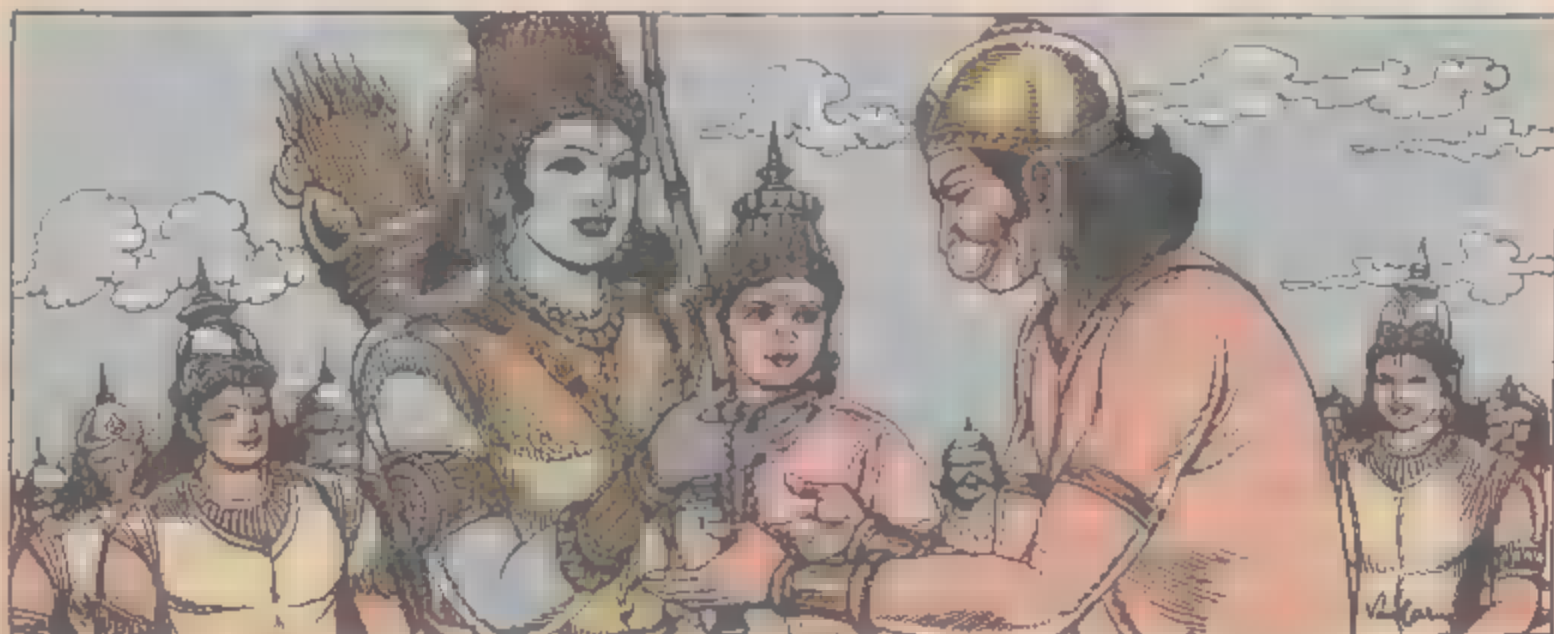
Rama was enraged. He sent ■ powerful arrow at Satakandha. A thousand other Satakandhas took form to fight with Rama. He handed his bow and arrow to Sita. She, too, sent several arrows at Satakandha, but to no avail. She then took one arrow, chanted ■ *mantra* into it, and sent it in the name of Rama. Satakandha let out ■ shriek before he fell down on the ground. Thus Sita brought about his end.

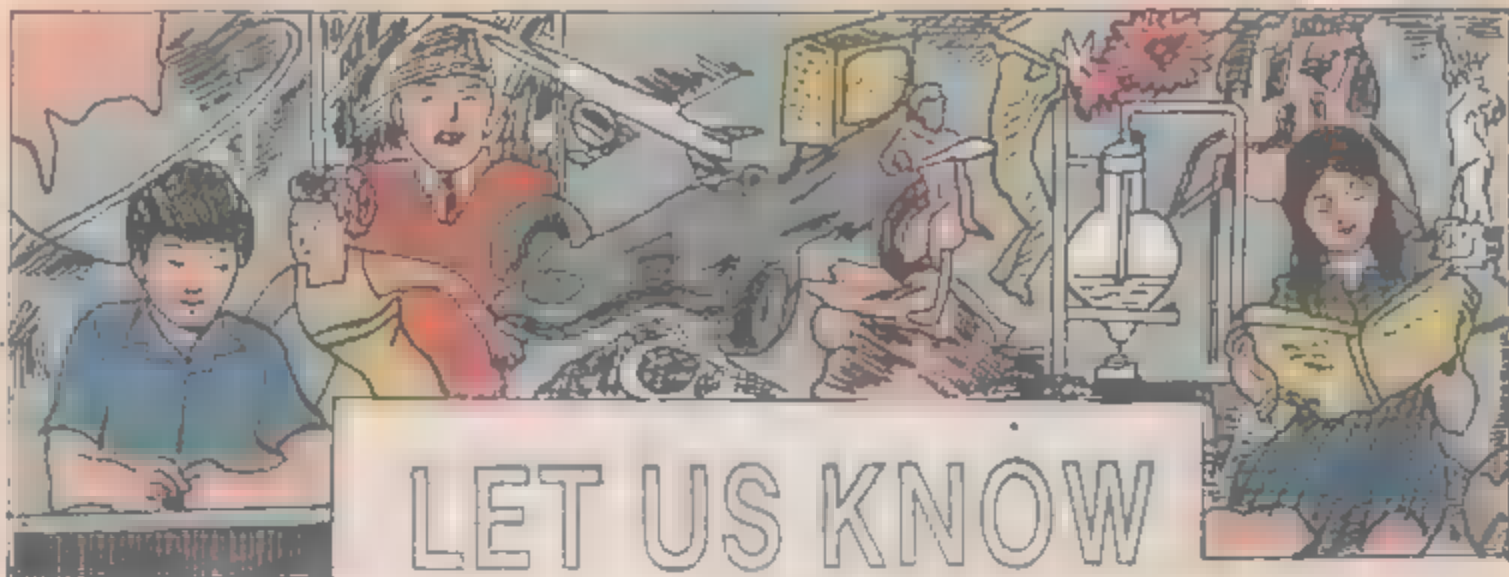
Rama was delighted. He took off his diamond necklace and presented it to Sita. "Hanuman deserves it more, my lord. It is he who helped us win this fight with Satakandha," said Sita.

Hanuman reverentially accepted the necklace and wore it around his neck. "As long as I wear it, I shall ever remember you, my lord, and Sitadevi!"

Afterwards, they all returned to Ayodhya. Soon, Vibhishana took leave of Rama and returned to Lanka along with his Rakshasa army. Next to leave were Sugriva, Angada and other Vanara leaders and their army. Hanuman stayed back in Ayodhya. One day, he wished to ■ his mother, Anjanadevi. So, he sought Rama's permission, and went to the Gandhamadana ranges.

(To continue)





What is ■ 'White Paper'? Who publishes it? How is it different from other documents?

—Kailash Paradeshi, Rahuri

A white paper is an official report, which gives the views and policy of the Government on ■ particular subject, and which is presented to the Parliament. It then becomes ■ public document. The Prime Minister and the members of his/her cabinet often do make statements inside the Parliament as well ■ outside. At the same time, we often find the Government being asked to issue a white paper, which can be discussed in the Parliament. A 'white paper' has necessarily to be printed on white paper.

Who in India was referred to ■ 'jackal' during the British rule?

—Krushna Ch. Chauhan, Bargarh

The British rulers had given the nickname *siyar* (Hindi, meaning 'fox'—not jackal) to C.R. (C. Rajagopalachari, ■ senior Congressman and confidant of Mahatma Gandhi), who became the first (and last) Indian Governor-General after the country became independent. Incidentally, the fox is known for its proverbial cunning.

When ■■ the *Guinness Book of Records* first published? ■■ is the meaning of Guinness?

—Chittaranjan Sarangi, Marshaghai

Work on a book of records started in September 1954 and the 198 page first edition was released on August 27, 1955. By Christmas time, it was No. 1 bestseller. The idea of such ■ reference book came from Sir Hugh Beaver (1890-1967), who ■■ the managing director of ■ company called Guinness.

Those were days when the TV was not so common as it is now. A large flat in Bombay, where a prominent citizen stayed, would not welcome visitors on Sundays. His friends knew that, and avoided calling on him and his wife on Sundays, when they would only play host to the children of their servants and the children from the streets around and nearby slums, who would make themselves comfortable in front of the TV. Their benefactors were none other than J.R.D. Tata, who headed the Tata industrial empire, and his wife. Incidentally, the couple did not have any children of their own and that was why they showered their affection on the street children.

Jehangir Ratanji Dadabhoy Tata, the Grand Old Man of Bombay who passed away in November, could have commanded anything that he wanted. Yet, he did not own a house and lived in a modest rented flat. J.R.D. and his wife

led a simple life. His father was a very rich man but was such a spendthrift that, at the time of his death, he owed money to some of his relatives. J.R.D. had to bear the burden of repaying all loans that his father had taken. This he did by saving money from the meagre salary he earned as Director of the Tata companies.

Some years later, he thought he had enough money to buy a flat. He bought one for eight lakhs of rupees. He and his wife however felt that it was too big for just the two of them and so decided to rent it out to the German Consulate. They moved in to a flat given to them on

rent by a kindhearted Parsi lady, who allowed them to stay there for life. Ultimately, they sold their flat for four crores. The couple wondered what they should do with so much money! After paying the taxes due to the government, they created a trust with the balance for the welfare of women and children.

A Children's Benefactor

J.R.D. Tata was a greatly respected man. The empire he presided over was easily the leading industrial organisation in India. None of the several companies never had a labour strike — not even ~~the~~. The employeesd ~~the~~ well looked after. The British Government once thought of conferring upon him the knighthood. But J.R.D. spurned the offer, saying he was very much part of the freedom movement and wanted Britain to quit India.

One cold winter day in Darjeeling, the police stopped all traffic ~~in~~ the roads. The English Governor of Bengal was coming that way.

It was snowing heavily and the people stood on either side of the road waiting for the worthy to pass. They might have waited for more than an hour. The long wait tried their patience out. One of them planted himself on the middle

of the road. The Governor's car stopped in front of him. "Who do you think you are, to have made these people bare themselves in this freezing cold for an hour?" the man shouted ~~at~~ the Governor, who hurried to offer a feeble apology. The man was J.R.D. Tata.



Did you know that he had imbibed his patriotism from one of his ancestors? Jamshedji Nusserwanji Tata, the founder of Tatas, was once denied admission to ~~a~~ leading hotel in London. The board at the entrance had this written on it: "NO ADMISSION TO INDIANS AND DOGS". ~~He~~ then decided

that he would put up ~~a~~ grander hotel in Bombay. When the famous "TAJ" was ready, he hung ~~a~~ notice at the entrance. It read: "NO ADMISSION TO BRITISHERS AND DOGS"!

J.R.D. was cast in the same mould.



HONESTY PAYS

Vempur was a small hamlet. Rema wished to marry her neighbour Gopu, whom many felt was of exemplary character. Sunder was *not* one of them. He was cunning and wanted to marry Rema. He went to her. "Are you going to marry Gopu? How foolish! He's a simpleton, good-for-nothing. If you marry him, you'll have to regret all through your life. Just forget him and marry me, instead. I shall treat you like a princess."

Rema refused to change her mind. "If you don't believe what I said, let's have a contest," said Sunder. Rema thought she would better agree to the proposition, to get out of her dilemma. "If there is a contest between Gopu and me, I'd be the winner, sure about anything. I tell you!"

Rema gave ten rupees each to

Gopu and Sunder. "You may bring something that I like from the town." It was a simple test that she had thought up for her two suitors. Before they started for the market, she managed to alert Gopu. "Whatever you may bring, Gopu, I'm going to like it. At the same time, I want you to be honest and straightforward." Gopu promised to remember her advice.

Meanwhile, Sunder realised that Rema was sure to like whatever Gopu would bring for her. So, he devised plans to prevent Gopu from buying anything for her. He got an assistant to do his bidding. Later he and Gopu started for the town together. On the way, Sunder told Gopu, "I've kept a hundred rupees hidden in an opening on a tree here. Let me go and get the

money."

"Sure, you may go; I shall wait for you here," agreed Gopu.

"But beware!" Sunder whispered a warning. "This place is full of robbers and dacoits. You can't be certain when they'll make their appearance. So, be careful. Better, you hand over the money Rema had given you. I shall keep it safe, and give it to you when I return."

Gopu did not hesitate; he handed the ten rupees Rema had given him to Sunder. He had hardly disappeared among the trees when his assistant, who was following them, approached Gopu, a dagger in hand. He threatened Gopu that if he did not part with whatever money he had, he would kill him. Poor Gopu! He had no choice except to hand over the little money he had kept with him to be spent on the way.

The man hastened to Sunder who was eagerly waiting for him. He took the money, gave the man his share, and hurried to meet Gopu, who related to him all that had happened when he was away. "It was good that I handed that ten rupees to you, Sunder. If I



hadn't, then the robber would have grabbed that, too. You were wise in warning me. I could save at least that money."

When they reached the town, they entered a jeweller's shop first. Sunder bargained and bought a necklace for ten rupees. Gopu also decided to choose a similar necklace. "Mind you, I'm very much obliged to Sunder otherwise. That's why I accepted a low price from him. Don't expect any similar concession from me," the shopowner told Gopu. He was asked to pay fifty rupees. Of course, Gopu did not

have that much money. So, he decided not to buy anything. He was not aware that Sunder had gone to the shop earlier and given some instructions to the jeweller.

On their way back, Sunder pulled up Gopu. "You wasted all your money, and you couldn't buy anything for Rema. I don't think you'll be able to marry her. Why don't you tell her that she should marry *me*?"

Gopu thought that Sunder was right. He himself did not deserve Rema's hand. "I quite agree, Sunder. I shall ask Rema to marry you." Just before they reached their village, they came

upon a *sanyasi* beneath a tree at the outskirts. "I've been sent here by god to help people dogged by misfortune!" he declared. "This man—what's your name, my son? Ah! Gopu! You're very unlucky. Here! Take this diamond necklace!"

Gopu bowed to him ■ he accepted the glittering necklace. Sunder was surprised. He felt he had received ■ shock. They continued their journey, and on reaching the village, they gave the two necklaces to Rema. Gopu told her how he got the necklace from the *sadhu*. Rema was all praise for the necklace and for

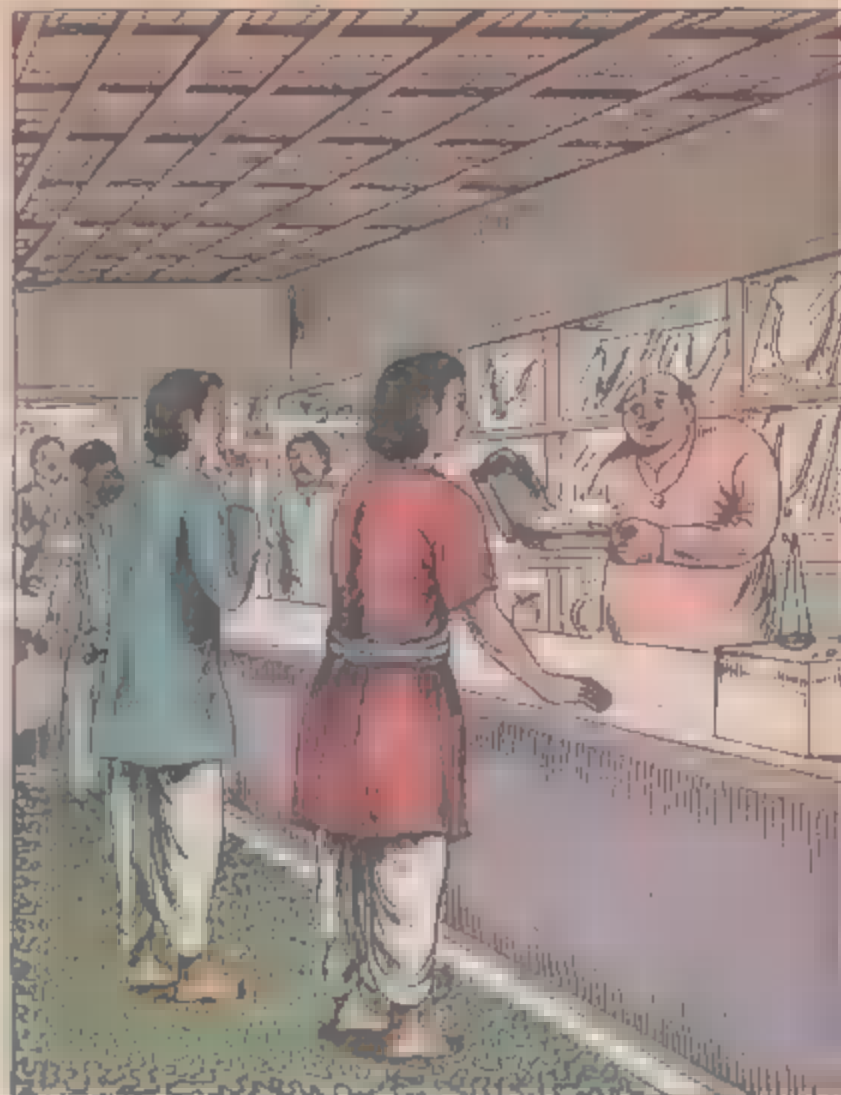


Gopu's honesty. "Sure, god really admires your honesty and loyalty; that's why He appeared to you as ■ *sanyasi*. Gopu, you've won in the first contest, and I can now marry you. ■ hope you've no objection, Sunder?" asked Rema, now facing him. "If you so feel, we can have another contest, what do you say?"

The next day, Gopu and Sunder once again started for the town with the ten rupees they were given by Rema. Unfortunately, they were surrounded by robbers, who took ■ the money Sunder had on him. They let off Gopu and did not touch his money. Both of them entered the same shop a second time.

"I can see the goddess of Fortune dancing on your face, sir!" The jeweller tried some flattery on Gopu. "You may take whatever you like. No, don't pay me anything. I would consider myself blessed if you accept something from my shop!"

Gopu selected ■ modest-looking ornament. He insisted on paying at least a nominal price for it. The jeweller would not accept any money. Ultimately, however, Gopu paid the ten



rupees Rema had given him, which the shop-owner accepted with great reluctance. Of course, Sunder could not buy anything this time, ■ he had no money with him and the jeweller did not want to give anything on credit.

Gopu and Sunder left for their village and on the way, they saw the same *sadhu* sitting beneath the tree. Sunder prostrated before him. "O revered sage! Please help me. I've been robbed of all my money!"

"You're the most unlucky of all persons on this earth!" remarked the *sanyasi*. "If anyone were to go

to the rescue of a person about to drown, he'll also be dragged into the water! You're like such a man. Gopu is not mean. I shall help only such people!" The sanyasi gave one more diamond necklace to Gopu.

Rema was very happy to receive yet another necklace from Gopu. "See that!" she told Sunder. "Gopu's honesty had stood him in good stead, while you've been bogged down by misfortune. This is an example of honesty and also the lack of it."

Sunder hung his head in shame. As he was about to leave, Rema told him, "Please take these two necklaces. This is not real diamond; it is all imitation stuff from your uncle. You may give them to his daughter, who is

going to be your bride."

Sunder was furious. "Oh! So you sent a *sanyasi* to fool me?"

"You were not very different, either," said Rema, in an angry tone. "You had arranged for someone to threaten Gopu and rob him, didn't you?"

He had not expected that retort from Rema. "That *sanyasi* is no stranger to your uncle. He is much obliged to your uncle. He posed as a *sanyasi* to defeat your evil designs. Your cousin is in love with you. Go and marry her!"

Sunder had to confess to everything revealed by Rema. He married his uncle's daughter, while Rema had her wish fulfilled when she married Gopu. Sunder was honest and straightforward in his dealings from that time.

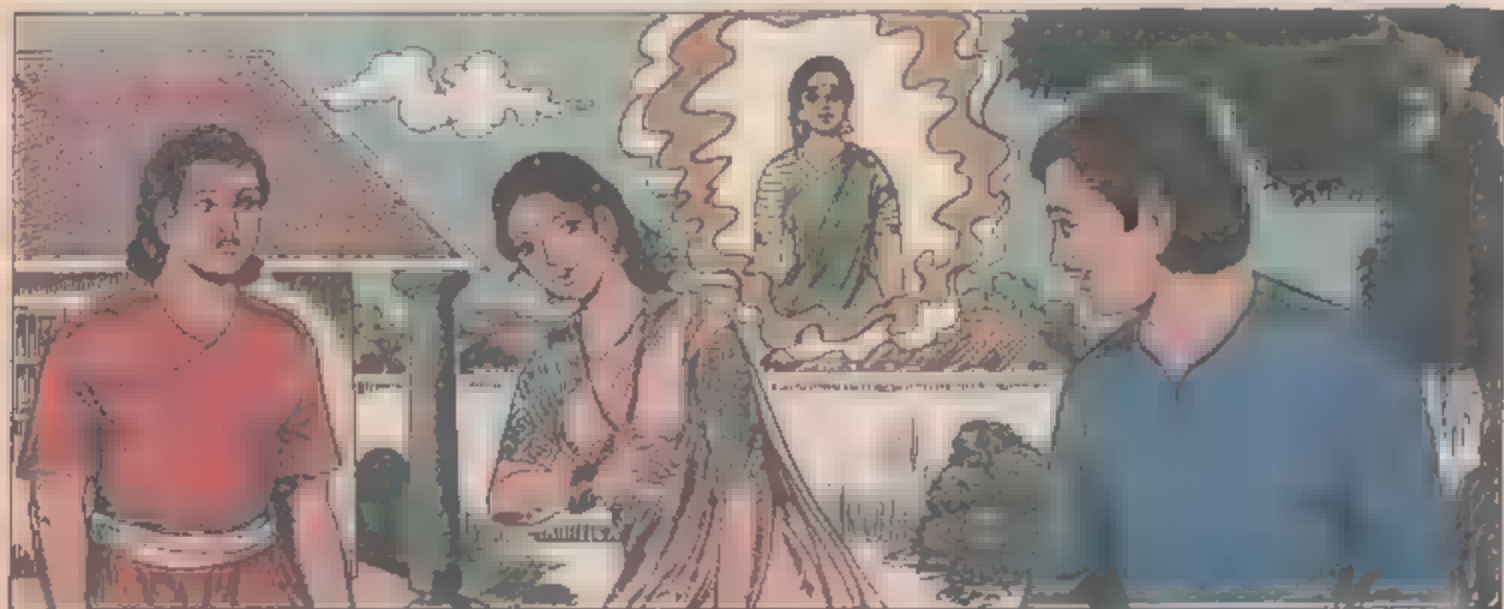
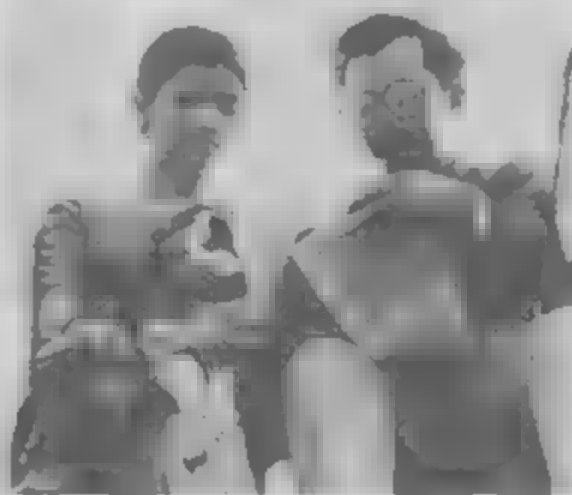


PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Anant Desai



S. B. Prasad

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 100/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for November '93 goes to:-
Bhuvaneswari Venkateswaran,
703, Chandragupta,
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The winning entry "Cup To Lips", "Lips To Lips"

PICKS FROM THE WISE

Admiration is the daughter of ignorance

—Franklin

Forgiveness is the key to action and freedom.

—Hannah Arandt

We can escape from the level of society, but not from the level of intelligence to which we were born.

—Randell Janell

Say "Hello" to text books and friends
'Cause School days are here again
Have a great year and all the best
From Wobbit, Coon and the rest!





It's time to go back to school again. Time for text
books. Time for games. Time to meet old friends.
And make new ones. Time to start studying
again. Because there's so much to learn about
the world around you.

From all of us here at Chandamama, have a
great year in school. And remember to tell us
what you've learnt everyday, when you
come home from school !

THE

H A N D A M A M A
C O L L E C T I O N



*In his eyes lie your dreams fulfilled.
In your hands, his future.*



Children's Gift Growth Fund.

Like your love, it grows, and grows, and grows.

Ah, how you fuss him! And attend to his every need. Making him secure every moment of the day. Isn't it also the right time to think of his future? To plan a little today. And gift him a brighter tomorrow. You may wonder how. Well, that's what we're here for. With our Children's Gift Growth Fund. Which suggests that you make a one-time investment. Or add on small amounts every year. And watch your investment grow and grow. Till your child turns 21. And becomes a lakhipati. Imagine, what this gift can do for him. It can open up opportunities for higher studies. Or help him start his own business. Or even buy a small house of his own. Once he is 18, he can withdraw money twice a year. While the balance amount keeps growing, till he turns 21. The Children's Gift Growth Fund. One day your child will thank you for it.

14% Dividend.
Bonus every
3 years.



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All securities investments carry market risk. Consult your investment advisor or agent before investing.

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COFFEE EEE!! @#@£¥...

No, IT'S TOFFEE!!



THE ARGUMENT CONTINUES...

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